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No doubt most people interested in useful reading matter will think us for information, obtained through official sources, as to how public documents can be procured with least trouble and at trifling expense. The idea that prevails most generally, that this class of literature may be secured through the courtesy of members of congress, is correct only in so slight a degree that it had best be corrected. There are nearly five hundred senators and representatives—hence an edition of several thousand copies, if distributed pro rata, gives to each only a few copies. Some of these the senator or representative needs for reference, the few left over are soon exhausted, and those constituents who then write for them are necessarily disappointed, through no fault of the public men whom they may have addressed. Now, as a general proposition, the reader who is interested in a government publication will serve himself best by addressing the official known as the superintendent of documents, government printing office, Washington, D. C., who is authorized to have reprinted any government publication for which there is a demand, and sell the same at cost to all applicants. He will mail price lists, divided by subjects, free upon application, and remittance can then, as required by law authorizing such sales, accompany order.

HER EXCUSE



Mr. Justwed—This coat I'm wearing has had two buttons off of it for a week. You've seen it every day, but you haven't taken the slightest notice of it.

Mrs. Justwed—My dear, love is blind.

WAFLE OF VIOLET BOBNT.

So many inquiries have come to hand respecting a new way of performing romances, that one ventures to describe yet another and more simple novelty which is being used for this purpose, of making romances fresh and fragrant. This is known as the violet wafer, which consists of a group of faint little wicker baskets filled with pot pourri of violets and scented with silk. These are strung together on long-hanging ribbons which can be hung in front of a window or door or any place where they catch the breeze, so that the sweet perfume emitted through the wicker work is wafted about the room.

HISTORIC CHARACTER.

An aged colored man in Washington who goes about collecting "old rags, old bottles, old rubbers," etc., is a well-known character. One day recently a critic asked him his name.

"Mah name's George Washington," replied the old man proudly.

"Seems to me I've heard that name before," said the gentleman.

"I spec' you-all has," answered the ragman. "Ise been collectin' up ole rags and sich run' dis yer place for more'n thirty years."

USEFUL HATPIN AT LAST.

Patience—I see a young woman who dressed in man's clothing to aid in her plans to elope was foiled because she fastened her cap with a hatpin.

Patrice—The hatpin must have possessed a more valuable head than did the girl, for it prevented her from going too far.

AN ARRAIGNMENT.

"It will take a lifetime to answer all the charges your enemies are making in this campaign. How will you reply?"

"I guess," replied the eminent statesman, "that I will simply say 'Not guilty' and let it go at that."

The Miser's Brood

By

JEROME SPRAGUE

(Copyrighted, 1914, by Associated Literary Press)

"I want you to understand," said Mr. Iverson, irritably, "that I can't afford it. Times are bad—very bad—and you've got enough to wear. When your mother was young she didn't expect such things—your people weren't pampered then."

He flicked a crumb from his coat as he finished his harangue, and went out of the dining room.

"Mother," demanded the three sisters, explosively, as their father left, "mother, does he really mean that we can't go?"

"He says that you can't have new dresses," said Mrs. Iverson, deprecatingly.

"And we can't go in our old rags," flamed Gloria. "It isn't just on our own account, mother, that we hate it—it's because of what people say."

"Yesterday we heard a man murmur, 'The miser's brood,' as we passed," cried Beverly, who was the beauty.

"Oh, don't," Beth expostulated, as she saw the lines grow deeper in her mother's face. "Mother can't help it."

"I know," Beverly was repentant at once, "I know, but if father only realized."

"You can't make him, dear, by hard words," said Mrs. Iverson, gently. "He is so—changed. His heart is tender underneath the shell—but he seems to have hardened."



Beth was, on the other hand, grotesque.

since he made his fortune—I wish there was some way to wake him up."

"There is a way," said Gloria suddenly, then stopped as they cried eagerly, "What?"

"Don't you worry," said Gloria, "he's got to be waked up, as mother calls it, and I am going to do it finally and effectually."

The occasion for which the girls had needed new gowns was the annual dinner given for the benefit of the town's free library. Here were gathered together all of the prominent citizens, and here came the rich philanthropist from the city with whom Mr. Iverson loved to meet and discuss financial matters with the hope of a clew which might bring more dollars.

He cared little what his daughters wore, for no one noticed them, at least no one in whom he was interested. Their old gowns were surely good enough for the people of the town.

Beth and Gloria and Beverly and Beverly pretty things, not only for their own sake, but because of the three men who had wooed and won them.

When Gloria told her plan to her lover, he was doubtful of its success.

"You'll only hurt yourself, dearest," he said, "and you won't cure your father, and what do we want with his money, anyhow?"

"I wish he'd lose every cent of it," said Gloria, passionately. "He hoards it and hoards it and doesn't do one good or beautiful thing with it. He isn't even making mother happy—and it hurts me to see her disappointed in him."

Beverly crept into Gloria's room on the night before the annual dinner.

ner. "I'm afraid, Gloria," she whispered, "I'm afraid I won't have the courage to go through with it."

But Beth was not afraid. She, like Gloria, was sustained by the thought that something must be done to bring happiness to her mother.

"And thank goodness, mother isn't going to be at the dinner," said Gloria.

There was much rummaging the next day in the attic. There was some giggling, too, but when Mrs. Iverson asked the cause of the hilarity, Gloria answered: "We are trying to find something to wear, dear mother."

Beverly's lover was as young and ardent as herself. "You're a beauty," he whispered, as Beverly threw off her cloak in the room downstairs and displayed her costume. "You've got a sort of 'driven from home look' that's wonderful."

Beverly in an old gray gown of her grandmother's, made with a skimpy skirt and flat sleeves, with a prim little collar and her fair curls falling over her neck, was perfect—Beth was, on the other hand, grotesque.

She wore a big green silk poke bonnet, a crepe shawl and a wide skirt over a hoop. Her hands were incased in mitts, and her hair was looped over her ears. Gloria was in a brown stuff gown, too big for her, and made on Quakerish lines.

They created a sensation as they came into the room. Mr. Iverson, far up at the end, talking to the philanthropist, saw the people craning their necks and turned to look.

"Girls dressed up queerly—fancy costumes, evidently," said the philanthropist.

Mr. Iverson watched the advancing figures with smiling toleration, but as they came closer, his jaw dropped. What did it mean? Why were his girls making such a show of themselves?

In a moment, the three stood before him.

"Father," said Gloria, nervously, "take us home. People are staring at us."

"What does this mean?" Mr. Iverson demanded. "Why have you made such frights of yourselves?"

Then, right before the philanthropist, Gloria made her little speech. "You told us you were too poor to give us new gowns. You told us to dress as mother did—and we have done it—what should you find in that to criticize?"

Then suddenly it seemed to Mr. Iverson that he saw written across the face of the philanthropist, in flaming words, "You—miser—!" He saw it on the faces of all the people.

"Come away," he said hoarsely, and went out, followed by the trembling girls, who, now that they had punished him, were in tears of remorse and humiliation.

"Who would have dreamed it would have been so awful," whimpered Beth to her lover, who had drifted toward her out of the shadows.

Once in the house, Mr. Iverson went straight up to his wife's room. "Martha," he said, "did you know what those girls were going to do?"

She looked her surprise. "No—what is it, Stephen?"

He kissed her. "Nothing," he said, and went downstairs.

"Was it necessary?" he asked the girls, who stood waiting.

"It seemed the only way," said Gloria. "People were calling us 'The miser's brood.' We are going to marry honorable men. We love our mother. How could we go on and on, letting you grow harder and colder—we wanted to bring you back to us—to let you see yourself as others saw you."

"And now?" he asked.

"Now, oh father," Gloria was weeping, "now we know how dreadful it was for you and for us all. We are sorry—we are sorry."

He dropped into a chair, and hid his face in his hand. "I deserved it," he said, and for a moment there was silence. Then Beth went and knelt beside him.

"If you know how we love you," she said, "and how—mother loves you—"

His hand went out to her. "I know."

Presently he raised his head and a softer light shone in his eyes.

"Girls," he said, "I want you to go to town tomorrow morning and buy your mother a new gown—something soft and silky and beautiful—and I want you to buy her a box of the best candy, and I'll go up to the city and get her some roses—she used to love roses. And we'll make her happy first—after that we can think about ourselves."

SOME BASIS FOR IT



Cook—I suppose a pawn ticket would not admit a fellow to see one of these games on the ice?

Hook—Certainly not. Why should it?

Cook—Well, hasn't it something to do with hook, eh?

ASSISTANCE IN THE NURSERY.

Some young children suffer at times with a form of sore mouth known as "ulcerative stomatitis," caused sometimes by general ill health, but very often by neglect of proper means for keeping the mouth clean.

The first thing noticed is that the child dribbles profusely, in some cases the saliva pours from the mouth; the breath becomes offensive and on inspection the gums will be found very much inflamed, swollen or spongy.

Soon along the line of contact of the gums with the teeth a yellowish line will be seen, or in other cases distinct yellow spots or tiny ulcers are scattered about in the mouth, under the tongue and on it. The whole mouth is very sore and tender, the gums bleed on the slightest touch and the child will take only the softest food.

If the disease be neglected it may cause the loss of some of the teeth, and therefore treatment should be prompt. An astringent mouth wash is necessary and a solution of alum, five grains to one ounce of boiled water, is a good preparation. The mouth should be washed out with this every two or three hours.

COULDN'T SELL BUT ONCE.

A certain saloon keeper years ago was elected to a state legislature at a time when there was important legislation pending. He accepted a thousand dollars for his vote on a certain measure. The deal was hardly closed when the opposition came round, offering him two thousand. The temptation was strong, but the new member shook his head.

"No gentleman as is a gentleman," he said, "will sell out twice on one proposition."—Saturday Evening Post.

WASN'T THERE.

Curate—Didn't I assure you that a cow is only dangerous when it has lost its calf?

She—That's why I was frightened; I couldn't see a calf anywhere.

D. W. Hiller, 801 E. Court St., Flint, had a severe attack of kidney trouble and says: "There was a constant feeling of distress with painful kidney action. Foley Kidney Pills cured me completely, dispelling all kidney and bladder trouble, nervousness disappeared and I slept soundly again. I heartily endorse Foley Kidney Pills." Sold by T. H. McGee.

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For BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, BLINDNESS.

DON'T WAIT

Next year many of us will be looking backwards again. It's so much easier to do that than to look ahead. There are a few wise ones in every community, however, who are shrewd enough to let the past go and look to the future and they are the winners. In this section it is real estate that attracts the far-sighted. And with property along Grand River going up by leaps and bounds it is small wonder that outsiders are becoming interested in Redford. The great wonder is that Redford people are so blind to their opportunities. Lots in Redford are very low just now, but they are not going to stay at present prices very long. The farms all along the road between Redford and Detroit are being picked up and platted, the new concrete road will reach Redford by July, some extensive improvements are going to be made in the village and there are many other reasons why prices of lots are bound to advance.

We are selling the choicest lots in the village on easy terms, small monthly payments when desired, with a small initial payment. Better than putting your money at interest for the lot will double in value by the time it is paid for.

Call and talk it over.

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Redford, Mich.

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